UNFORGETTABLE

by

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First Draft

It begins in total darkness.

We hear Dr. Michael Cross flipping through sheets of paper; talking quietly, almost as if to himself.

CROSS
Hello... John. So what did you do here man? Let's see... Forensic polaroids? Oh boy... Twelve gauge. All right, let's have a look at you.

We hear a heavy zipper being opened.

Light slowly leaks into our darkness.

The black, plastic shroud is peeled back as Cross opens the body bag and--

We realize that we are watching an autopsy through the POV of a dead man named John.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Cross leans over us. He is wearing full surgeon's dress.

Beyond him, higher above, is the enormous, round autopsy light, glowing a pale, moon-white.

He exhales, with a shake of the head.

CROSS
Jesus-- You did a good job...Powder burns all along antero-lateral skull...Probably knelt down--lodged it under the messater and...

He leans toward us, his rubber-gloved fingers probing at our face. There are several disturbing wet noises.

CROSS
Christ what a mess.

He is very close now, staring at our face, his voice a whisper.

CROSS
What happened, John? Why did you do it?

He looks over the face as if the answer were written there, in the shredded flesh and bullet holes.

INT. MORGUE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Close on a vending machine, whirring with life as its metal coil spirals out to drop a "Pay-Day."

Suddenly it stops before the candy bar falls.

Detective Steve Skroce, an over-sized human, screams.

SKROCE
Fuck!

He begins to pound on the machine.

Just beyond the waiting area lined with vending machines is the front desk. A near dead plant sits alone on the desk top.

The attendant, Bulinsky, looks up casually from his paper to watch Skroce batter the machine.

The morgue is otherwise empty. It is the graveyard shift and the noise seems unnaturally and especially violent.

The candy bar does not fall.

Skroce stares at it, breathing heavy. He mumbles a mouthful of obscenities and turns away.

SKROCE
Hey!

He walks toward the front desk.

SKROCE
Hey! Your machine fucked me!

It is obvious that Bulinsky does not care.

SKROCE
Jesus, listen to me, I sound like a nut-case. It's this Visine shift. Three days and already I'm going nuts. How about you? This shift make you nuts?

Bulinsky shrugs.

SKROCE
What about Dr. Cross? Is he whacked, or what? I know he's a goddamned good M.E. but I hear he talks to 'em. He talks to stiffs. Just chats away.

Bulinsky looks up an idea forming.

BULINSKY
People talk to plants.

SKROCE
But plants is alive.

Bulinsky doesn't know how to answer.

SKROCE
Hell it's none of my business. I don't know the guy. You just hear things.

Skroce is almost talking to himself.

SKROCE
'Course I knew Mary. She was a good cop. I remember when it happened. Every cop thinks about it. Out of the blue. You're lucky if you even hear it. Click. Boom. That's it, it's over. You're on your way to this place.

Skroce stares for a moment, disturbed by the bright, morgue lobby. It's a strange place, not designed for people to sit around and wait.

He looks at Bulinsky who is again reading his paper.

SKROCE
But I'll tell you something about Mary. That ain't over. Cop's got a long memory. And I'll tell you something else-- God help the motherfucker if we find him.

The double doors down the hall swing open, Cross walking toward them.

CROSS
Detective--

He searches the report for the cop's name.

SKROCE
Skroce. Steve Skroce.

Skroce reaches out to shake hands, but Cross raises his gloved hand, still slick with red and yellow bits of human fleck.

SKROCE
It's good to meet you, Doc. I'll be working this shift for a while, so I guess we'll be seeing a bit of each other.

Cross looks at him. Social skills rusted shut.

CROSS
Yes.

Dead air.

CROSS
Here's my report, Detective and all the lead I could dig out.

He hands him a manila folder and a baggie filled with lead buckshot.

SKROCE
We've never met before, but I've heard a lot about you and I knew your wife. She was, uh, I mean, I know it's been awhile but you have my condolences.

Cross does not look up from the report. Skroce can feel that he has made a mistake.

CROSS
Thank you, Detective.

SKROCE
So, you think it was a suicide.

CROSS
Yes.

SKROCE
Great. Thanks-- Doc, I didn't mean to--

But Cross has already left, walking back down the hall.

Skroce turns to Bulinsky, who does not look up from his newspaper.

EXT. CROSS HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

It is still dark, the street glowing with orange lamplight.

The house is nice, hidden behind several heavy trees.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

There are no lights on.

We hear the clink of ice cubes as Cross drinks.

He is standing in the front hall staring at the pictures hung there. He is motionless. More of a shadow than an actual man.

He stares at the pictures, the frozen images of his life; his wife Mary, their daughter Lindy. In several of the photos, we see Charlie Lomas, Mary's partner and family friend.

As always, it is only the good times that are framed and hung. The wedding, baby pictures, holidays. Everyone forever smiling.

Cross takes a big gulp of scotch.

And then closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK - CROSS HOUSE - NIGHT

Everything is blurred and distorted, though at times certain objects or images warp into focus.

Through Cross' POV we are trying to get to the front door. Someone is knocking.

Movement is slow, arduous, as the distance to the door distends and contracts.

The pounding continues, echoing onto itself.

CUT BACK

Cross' eyes are glazed. His face blank.

FLASHBACK - CROSS HALLWAY

The door opens.

The sky is black and the world is drowning beneath sheets of rain.

Standing outside is Charlie Lomas. His head is down, the rain pouring off of his police cap.

CROSS

Charlie?

The name warps and melts as Lomas' head slowly lifts, his expression drenched in sadness and grief.

CROSS
Where's Mary? Charlie?

CUT BACK

We hear his voice still echoing in his head.

CROSS
Where's Mary?

Cross flattens his hand against the picture as if trying to feel something that isn't there.

In the silence, we hear the chirping of his wrist watch alarm.

It is 7:00 AM.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Cross enters Lindy's room. Lindy is a young girl about seven years old.

She is sound asleep in her bed, beneath a comforter and sheets covered with Wonder Woman.

There is an awkward beat as he stands beside her bed. He seems uncomfortable.

CROSS
Lindy. Lindy.

Her eyes blink open.

LINDY
Daddy--

CROSS
Time to get up, honey. Time for school.

LINDY
Okay, Daddy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cross presses a spatula firmly down, flattening a frying hamburger, grease sizzling out.

The toaster pops, two Eggos jumping up.

He tosses them on a plate, butters them and bathes them in syrup.

CROSS
Here you go, Honey.

Lindy is already at the table, dressed for school. He sets the plate in front of her. She stares at it.

Pressing the hamburger between two slices of bread, he sits down across from her.

She picks up her fork and presses it against the waffle sponge, bubbling the syrup.

He bites into his hamburger. Chews and stares at the brown and gray clumps of meat.

He notices that she is staring at him.

CROSS
Lindy, I don't want to hear that today. Not today.

LINDY
You promised.

CROSS
I know. I know I did. But I don't know how to make "Mommy waffles."

LINDY
Maybe I want a hamburger-

CROSS
Lindy, please. Eat your breakfast, okay?

She stares at the waffles.

CROSS
Besides remember what I told you. Your stomach doesn't know the difference.

She cuts a bite with her fork.

LINDY
Stupid stomach.

And stuffs it in her mouth.

They chew their opposite meals in silence.

INT. BACK DOOR - DAY

Lindy's Wonder Woman book bag is next to Cross' briefcase.

She picks it up.

CROSS
You have a good day, Lindy.

LINDY
Good night, Daddy.

She jumps out the door.

He closes it. The room is again gray.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS

Cross flips on the fluorescent light and descends.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

It is a homemade, makeshift, research facility designed for pathological studies.

There is a single stainless steel gurney beside a lab table and a wash basin.

There are kitchen knives and chisels racked with scalpels and bone saws.

Shelves and tables are buried beneath clinical histories and medical texts.

Taped to the walls and corners are articles on DNA research, studies on the brain and memory including a SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN cover titled, "What Is Memory?"

Cross sits down at a desk, in front of a computer. The program is running, he never turns it off. It is a DNA analysis program.

He stares at the never-ending strand of DNA as it slowly twists and rises, flowing up and across the screen.

He unlocks a padlocked black case beside the computer.

Inside are the tissue samples from Mary Cross' autopsy floating in green-hued preservative.

CROSS
Hi, Mary.

The DNA strand twists in silence.

CROSS
I miss you.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. CROSS BEDROOM - DUSK

Cross is asleep in bed, an empty bottle of scotch on the floor.

His alarm sounds. It is 5:30 PM.

INT. KITCHEN

A tiny hamburger sizzles in the frying pan.

Lindy is standing in a chair cooking. She peels several American cheese slices and drops them on top.

The cheese blisters and burns in the grease.

Cross enters the kitchen.

LINDY
Good morning, Daddy. I made you breakfast.

He looks at the table and sees two Eggos swimming in syrup on the same plastic plate that he had given her.

Cross smiles. She smiles.

CROSS
Yum. My favorite. Thank you.

LINDY
You are welcome.

She jumps down from her chair and takes her hamburger to the table.

He sits down. They begin to eat. She picks at her cheese.

LINDY
That woman called again.

CROSS
Was there a message?

LINDY
Uh, nope.

CROSS
Good.

Suddenly someone pounds on the front door. The sound still bothers Cross.

He goes to the door and opens it.

Outside is Charlie Lomas. He is wearing his police uniform, though he now has the stripes of a sergeant.

CROSS
Charlie.

LOMAS
Hey, Mike.

Lomas embraces him. Cross is obviously uncomfortable with physical affection.

LOMAS
Glad I caught you.

CROSS
Yeah. Come on in.

Lomas enters. He has a noticeable limp.

LOMAS
Where is she? Where's my Amazon?

Lindy comes tearing into the room.

LINDY
Uncle Charlie!

He scoops her up and swings her around, legs flying out behind her. She hugs his neck, beaming and screaming.

LOMAS
Easy. Easy. Okay. I'm not the man I used to be.

He stops spinning, but still holds her up.

CROSS
How's the hip?

LOMAS
Every morning she acts up.

CROSS
You want some coffee or a beer?

LOMAS
No. I know you got to go to work. I just stopped by to tell you about my party.

CROSS
A party?

LOMAS
Yeah.

CROSS
On no. You did it didn't you?

Lomas doesn't say anything.

CROSS
You quit the force.

LOMAS
I wanted to keep it low-key but some of the guys found out--

CROSS
Jesus, I can't believe it.

LOMAS
You know how I feel, Mike. I didn't join the force to answer the phone.

CROSS
Have you decided what you're going to do?

LOMAS
Not yet. I got some disability coming. I just need to get away for a while. Put some things behind me.

LINDY
No. Don't go.

CROSS
Lindy--

LOMAS
It's all right, Mike. I'm not going to forget about my little wonder girl as long as she doesn't forget about me.

LINDY
Never.

He smiles and sets Lindy down.

LOMAS
So it's Friday night. It would mean a lot to me if you could drop by.

CROSS
Sure, Charlie. I'll try.

Lomas bends down to Lindy.

LOMAS
And maybe I'll see you this weekend, eh? A little baseball?

LINDY
Yeah!

LOMAS
It's a date. All right, I'll see you Mike.

He opens the door.

CROSS
Thanks for stopping by.

Cross closes the door behind him.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Cross is in the middle of an autopsy.

The rail drains of the gurney are filled with blood and yellow gelatin.

He pulls the kidney from the open chest cavity and plunks it onto the delicatessen scale.

He is recording the weight, mumbling to himself when he hears a sound that seems strange in this room.

High heels clicking on the floor tile.

He turns to see her.

Jessica Riley walks purposely towards him, wearing red pumps and a red dress under her lab coat.

JESS
Doctor Cross.

She extends her hand.

JESS
I'm Doctor Jessica Riley.

He lifts his gloved hand, again covered with bodily juices.

JESS
You're a difficult man to get a hold of.

CROSS
That's because whatever it is, I'm not interested.

JESS
How can you know that?

CROSS
I know because I don't care.

JESS
Please Doctor Cross, just give me five minutes.

Cross continues to cut sections from the descending colon.

He holds up a section of the bowel to the light, studying the white cobblestoned growth.

JESS
Fungating lesion. Carcinoma?

CROSS
Bowel cancer.

He drops the tissue into a sample tube.

CROSS
He's been dead for almost a year. He just didn't know it.

JESS
Every person is a story and every story is a mystery.

CROSS
Okay, you've read my books.

JESS
More than that Doctor Cross. More than that.

Cross looks up at her. She stares at him as though reading his face.

JESS
I'm sure you don't remember but we met about eight years ago at Chicago Osteopathic. You gave a lecture on pathology my second year. You asked us to define death and everyone answered with clinical definitions based on organ failure and you then asked if that meant that someone without a kidney or an eye or a leg, is less alive than someone with one. And we all just sat there in silence.

He almost smiles.

JESS
After that lecture I read your books. I've read your articles, I learned a lot about you, about your work.

Cross is uncomfortable, focusing again on his work.

JESS
You are a brilliant medical examiner, Doctor Cross. Maybe one of the best neuro-pathologists in the country. You shouldn't be doing graveyard slab-jobs at county--

CROSS
What do you want, Doctor Riley?

JESS
You, Doctor Cross. I need your help. I need your mind. And in return, you'll get what you want.

CROSS
Which is what?

JESS
To solve the murder of your wife.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

A very large hospital.

INT. JESS' LAB - NIGHT

Close on a white lab rat, moving in a feeding pen, toward a large rat trap, baited with peanut butter.

The rat hesitates in front of the trap, sniffing the bait, clumped on top of the angled metal trigger. The rat steps up and begins to eat.

The trap does not spring.

CROSS
What's wrong with the trap?

JESS
I soldered it. So it couldn't go off. I've been feeding him like this for a week.

Jess' lab is not unlike Cross' though better equipped. Many of the same articles and books seen in Cross' basement lab are here also.

Jess opens a refrigerator and takes out a small vial labeled "COMBINE VIRUS 9/14/94."

JESS
Now this is the DNA of another rat who ate his last meal at this trap before I soldered it.

She sticks a hypodermic needle into the vial, draws back the plunger.

She grabs the rat, still eating, and injects him with the serum then returns him to the pen.

The trap is huge before us. We can feel the tension in the spring.

The peanut butter glistens soft and brown as we move toward it when--

We hear a rushing wind and then the warped explosion of the trap snapping shut.

The rat squeals and jumps back.

The trap is still unsprung.

CROSS
Jesus.

She picks the trembling rat up, stroking him.

JESS
Ssh. It's okay. It's okay now.

CROSS
Is that the only case?

She places the rat back in his cage.

JESS
I've run the test with ten different subjects.

CROSS
The same result?

JESS
Yes. With one complication.

CROSS
What kind of complication?

JESS
Four of them died.

CROSS
Autopsy?

JESS
V-fib.

CROSS
Heart attack?

JESS
Psychosomatic. In a way the trap did kill them.

CROSS
Jesus, you did it. You really did it. You've accessed the memory. How? What kind of neural-attractor did you develop for the receptor? Is it electrical or biochemical?

JESS
Neither.

CROSS
Neither?

JESS
Actually, both.

CROSS
I don't understand.

JESS
I know this is going to sound ridiculous, but the idea of neural-attractors started me thinking about love.

CROSS
Love?

JESS
Yeah. Funny, eh? That's when it occurred to me that it wasn't electrical or biochemical as much as it seemed to me at the time as viral.

CROSS
Viral? A virus? You used a virus?

JESS
I created an Iso-virus. It attaches itself to the receptors and then there is a pulse which produces a chemical reaction that lets receivers translate the foreign DNA information.

CROSS
Oh my God, that's brilliant.

JESS
Thanks.

Cross stops. Something is bothering him.

CROSS
Why are you telling me? Why am I here?

JESS
I know you've been looking for this your entire career. Rat neurology is not human neurology. It would take me years to work out the encoding sequences for human DNA. I thought if we could combine our research--

CROSS
Come on Doctor Riley. There are other scientists, other neuro-pathologists who could help you. Why me?

There is something she is unable to tell him.

CROSS
I'll tell you why. You knew I wouldn't wait. You knew I'd want to test it immediately. You want to know. You want to know if your serum works on humans the way it works on rats.

JESS
No you're misunderstanding--

CROSS
Am I? Then tell me Dr. Riley, why did you use my wife's murder--

JESS
You wouldn't have come otherwise.

CROSS
You were right, Dr. Riley. You were right.

He turns to leave.

JESS
Wait. Please let me explain.

The door closes behind him.

JESS
Damn it.

This did not go as she had planned it.

INT. MORGUE

Cross is looking at a report, flipping through the pages of a folder.

The room is brighter than normal, a white fluorescent haze buzzing fly-like, surrealistically loud. Cross sweats as though the low tubes of light were somehow hotter.

On the gurney is a body, still inside the disposable black body bag.

Cross looks up rubbing his neck when the body calls to him.

MARY
Michael.

Cross drops the folder.

She is clawing at the bag, trying to get out.

MARY
Michael, help me.

She is trying to get out.

CROSS
Mary?

MARY
Michael, where are you?

CROSS
I'm here. I'm here, Mary.

Frantically he rips the bag open only to find he is too late.

She is dead. Pale blue flesh, empty eyes.

CROSS
Mary! No, no, no.

He embraces her limp, lifeless body and begins to weep.

CROSS
Mary, oh God, I'm sorry!

Arms reach in and pull him away.

He is surrounded by medical examiners in blue plastic scrubs, masks and rubber gloves. They have taken hold of him.

CROSS
What are you doing?

The chief M.E. picks up a scalpel.

CROSS
No! You can't!

Cross starts to struggle.

CROSS
No, she's my wife!

He is fighting wildly, but can not get free.

M.E.
She's not your wife. Look.

The chief M.E. begins to cut her open.

M.E.
She's dead.

INT. CROSS BEDROOM - DAY

Cross lurches from his dream.

It takes a moment to recognize his bedroom. The late afternoon light is smothered by the curtains.

He looks at the other side of the bed--

It is empty.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Cross watches the DNA program, alpha-numeric waves flowing in a window, numbers beating with the rhythm of a pulse.

He touches the screen.

CROSS
What happened, Mary?

INT. JESS' LAB - NIGHT

She's the only one still working in the pathology lab.

Her phone rings.

JESS
Hello?

INT. CROSS' BASEMENT LAB

CROSS
This is Michael Cross. I've considered your offer and if you are still interested, I'd like to proceed.

JESS
Yes. Of course. When?

CROSS
Tomorrow morning. Nine o'clock.

He holds the black case filled with the tissue samples.

FADE TO BLACK

STILL BLACK

We hear.

CROSS
You recording?

JESS
Yeah.

CROSS
All right. I'm taking the sample already broken down from the hippocampus.

JESS
The short term memory recorder.

CROSS
It stores the last sixty minutes of our lives while the rest of the brain sifts, organizes, and encodes--hey--

JESS
What?

CROSS
The lens cap.

JESS
Oh.

A beat and Jess pulls away the cap revealing.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Through the open lens of a video recorder we see Cross sitting on the steel gurney. His shirt is off and the white electrodes of an EKG machine are attached to his arms, chest and head.

He pulls back on the hypo, and drains a vial of pale pink fluid.

JESS
What about the rest of her memories?

CROSS
With that analysis program I've decoded her DNA, but the last hour of her life is all we need.

He hands the needle to her and she opens her small black vial case and takes out one filled with her serum.

JESS
I'm not sure of the dosage.

CROSS
Let's start at 20cc's.

She pulls back on the plunger adding 20cc's of her serum to the pink fluid that contains Mary's DNA.

Cross lays down on the gurney. He stares up at the ugly basement pipes weaving across the low ceiling.

With a cotton wad, she wipes his forearm staining it olive-yellow with antiseptic.

JESS
You still want to do this?

CROSS
I have to.

She sticks the needle into his vein and his blood swirls into the mixture.

She empties it all into his arm and pops the rubber cord from his bicep.

JESS
Done.

He breathes in deep.

The video recorder hums. The pipes gurgle.

CROSS
Nothing yet.

Jess watches the monitors. The sonar-like blip of his heart.

His eyes begin to blink, sweat beading on his forehead.

JESS
Try to relax--

A pipe drips.

CROSS
Nothing. It's not working.

In the distance we hear a police siren racing toward us.

CROSS
The police?

JESS
What?

Cross blinks starting to get up as he hears the squad car screech to a stop.

CROSS
Don't you hear?

It hits him.

INJECTION FLASHBACK CITY STREET - NIGHT

From the POV of Mary as she throws open the passenger side of the police car and gets out.

We are in the slurred haze of memory.

Someone yells "Mary" and we turn, looking across the top of the car where we see Charlie Lomas.

CUT BACK

Cross has laid back down on the gurney. His eyes are wide.

CROSS
Charlie--

JESS
Who's Charlie?

CROSS
Charlie Lomas. He was my wife's partner.

JESS
You can see him?

CROSS
Yes, I'm following him.

JESS
Oh my God. It's working.

CROSS
Yes.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - CITY STREET

Mary's POV, moving toward an abandoned building.

There are jump-cuts in memory, gaps that are exaggerated by the slow muddy motion.

We pass a dark shop window and we see Mary's reflection in the glass.

CUT BACK

CROSS
Mary--

JESS
You see Mary?

He seems in a trance.

CROSS
I'm Mary.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - CITY STREET

A man passes Mary and Lomas. We see his face shiver sharply into focus. He looks Italian. He passes us and we watch as he crosses the street toward a brightly lit strip club called "POONIES."

CROSS
There's a man--

CUT BACK

CROSS
I'm not sure where he came from. The building?

JESS
What building?

CROSS
The building.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - THE ABANDONED BUILDING

There is almost no light.

Lomas is ahead, his flashlight arcing out, his gun aimed at every dark space.

CUT BACK

CROSS
Lomas is ahead--I can't see-- There are stairs-- I'm going up the stairs.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - BUILDING HALLWAY

Mary's light sweeps through one of the upstairs rooms. The darkness, the silence is chilling.

CUT BACK

Cross is rigid with tension. Jess sees his heart beat is climbing.

JESS
Easy, easy. Relax, Doctor Cross. Keep talking remember where you are.

CROSS
I'm alone now.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - BUILDING HALLWAY

We move through one of the rooms towards a window that is partially boarded up.

CUT BACK

CROSS
There's a window in this room. I can see the alley. Another police car is there-- Oh no.

His heart beat races up out of control.

JESS
Oh shit.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - THE BUILDING

The barrel of a gun is jammed into Mary's cheek.

We hear a man's distorted voice,

MAN
Hi, bitch!

As we start to turn toward him the gun smashes down into our face.

CUT BACK

Cross' head whips to the side as if he were hit.

Jess rips open a hypo of sedative.

JESS
Doctor Cross-- Michael! Stay calm, talk to me, can you see his face?

She jams it into his arm.

Cross' eyes are transfixed. He is terrified.

CROSS
No-- No.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - THE BUILDING

Mary is trying to get up when we hear the voice again.

MAN
Die, bitch.

The gun explodes in our ears.

Blood splatters the wall in front of us.

Mary falls.

We fall.

CUT BACK

The EKG screams flatline.

JESS
Shit! Goddamn! No!

Close on Cross' eyes, empty and glazed.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - THE BUILDING

Mary's POV, laying face down on the dark wood floor.

Blood seeps out, pooling all around us.

CUT BACK

With machine precision, Jess performs CPR, elbows locking as she rhythmically pumps his chest.

JESS
Come on Michael, you're not going anywhere. I'm not going to let you.

She stops, goes to his head, tilts, pinches and gives him mouth to mouth.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - THE BUILDING

We hear something moving toward us. Footsteps.

We see a woman's legs, high heels and on her ankle a tattoo of a fleur-de-lis.

She bends down, reaching out to us.

Slowly we roll up and see her face, anxious and afraid.

Her name is Sasha.

DISSOLVE MATCH CUT TO

Jess staring down at us.

Cross blinks and coughs.

JESS
Thank god. Thank god.

He's still panicked, unsure where he is, who he is. Arms reaching, groping as he tries to get off the gurney

JESS
Wait, Doctor Cross--

He doesn't hear her.

JESS
Please sit down. You should rest.

Pushing her, he struggles to his feet.

The room around him is somehow different and new, strange yet somehow whole.

He touches his body as if for a moment he doesn't recognize it.

For one flash of a moment, he looks at his hands and sees Mary's hands.

Suddenly dizzy, he turns to Jess and begins to fall.

She catches him.

He holds onto her, breathing deep, anchoring himself against his reeling mind.

CROSS
It's...incredible.

She smiles.

JESS
I can't believe it!

CROSS
Believe--

JESS
You've been where no one else has ever been-- in someone else's mind! We did it!

She screams hugging him hard.

JESS
Thank god you're okay.

Cross blinks not so sure about that.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cross is hunched in a chair, a blanket over his shoulders.

Jess pours both of them a scotch. He looks at it.

JESS
Medicinal purposes. Drink.

Cross takes the drink. He is somewhere else.

JESS
So you think Mary was already dead when this woman found her?

CROSS
Yes.

JESS
It makes sense. The brain stops functioning long after the heart and lungs.

CROSS
That woman must know what happened. I have to find her.

JESS
How?

CROSS
We need a number two.

JESS
A what?

Cross blinks, unsure where that came from.

CROSS
It's what cops call a police sketch... A number two pencil.

JESS
Mary told you that?

Cross can't remember ever knowing this.

CROSS
She must have.

Jess stares at him. She knows something is wrong.

JESS
Okay, Doctor Cross--

CROSS
After mouth-to-mouth I think you can call me Michael.

She smiles.

JESS
Michael. I know you weren't planning on this, but we need to keep you under observation for a while. To keep an eye on the virus. Run some blood tests--

Cross is nodding, thinking about something else.

CROSS
Yes. Fine. How about tomorrow.

JESS
You're going to the police station right now, aren't you?

CROSS
Yes.

JESS
What are you going to tell them? That you injected a dead woman's memories?

Cross hadn't considered this.

JESS
This is going to revolutionize pathology, but realistically it's going to be a legal black hole.

CROSS
You're right. I can't tell them how I know.

JESS
What are you going to do?

CROSS
Charlie.

JESS
Mary's partner?

CROSS
He'll be able to help me.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Establish.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

ZAK
I want you to form a mental image of the subject.

A cinder-block office painted a dingy off-white. The bank of industrial style windows keep it well lit.

Police artist Zak De Shields stares intensely at Michael Cross seated in front of him through his round mirrored sun glasses. He hands him some papers each with preprinted head shapes.

ZAK
Okay? Pick a head.

Lomas sits on the edge of the desk watching as Cross chooses a head.

ZAK
Ready?

He nods.

ZAK
Let me have it.

CROSS
Female. Young, 18 to 25.

Close as Zak's pencil checks some boxes at the bottom of the page.

CROSS
Caucasian.

Cross squints as Mary's memories wash over him.

Flashback to Mary's POV, looking up into the face of Sasha as she turns Mary over.

Cross stares into space concentrating.

CROSS
She's Mediterranean looking.
Italian? Dark features. Black hair.
Curly.

Zak puts his pencil to paper and starts scratching.

Cut to the flashbulb image again, although we are a little closer to her face as Cross concentrates more.

CROSS
Her nasal bones are misaligned,
pinched upper lateral cartilage.
Probably a fracture.

Zak points to his own nose.

ZAK
Here?

CROSS
No. Other side.

Zak nods.

ZAK
Loosen it up. We want her to live.
Savvy? How about her eyes?

CROSS
Her eyes. Brown.

Close on the pencil, as it writes "Brown" in a space below.

Flashback to close up of Sasha's eyes.

CROSS
Very wide. You can see her entire
iris. A little sunken in their
orbits. Weathered.

ZAK
Street eyes.

The point of Zak's Ticonderoga sears across virgin white paper. We never see the whole of the drawing, only the newly formed black lines of what Cross describes.

Cross pulls his chair next to Zak to direct him over his shoulder.

CROSS
Yes. Now, thick crescent eyebrows.

The lead point scratches away.

CROSS
No. They fade more as they go out.

The eraser rubs the edges, fading out harsh lines.

Close on Sasha's eye, though framed a bit lower including the rim of her skull socket and cheek bone.

The pencil point flashes on the paper, scratching small cross-hatchings of shading.

ZAK
Here she comes. She's starting to breathe. Lips.

Close on Sasha's painted lips, separated in fear.

CROSS
Full, but not very wide. A heavier bottom lip.

The pencil.

ZAK
The perpetual pout.

CROSS
A little smaller.

The eraser.

CROSS
Yes.

The lips on the pad.

ZAK
Tsk. I think I'm in love.

He makes some kissing noises as his pencil flies furiously over the page.

LOMAS
Maybe you two should get a room.

CROSS
Her nose is a little pudgier.

Sasha's nose. In her left nostril is a gold stud.

CROSS
There's an ear ring in her nose. A gold stud.

ZAK
Exotic.

Zak bites his lip as his pencil zips.

CROSS
Yes. And a tattoo, on her ankle-- a fleur de lis

He draws a fleur de lis in the "Distinguishing Marks" box and then holds up the clip board.

The sketch looks as if she had modeled for it.

CROSS
That's her. I'd like a copy and be listed as a "notify".

ZAK
Sure thing, Doc. I'll be right back.

Zak leaves with the sketch.

LOMAS
What do you need a copy for, Mike? We'll take care of this thing.

CROSS
Charlie, you've been trying to take care of this thing for almost a year-

LOMAS
That's not fair, Mike. That's not fair. I want to end this as bad as you.

Cross says nothing.

LOMAS
Christ, Mike, you ask for a number two and an APB for a witness that you won't tell me shit about, including how you even know she was a witness!

CROSS
I'm sorry. I know you care, Charlie. I really appreciate your help.

LOMAS
Look, Mike, have you thought about what'll happen if you find Mary's killer? What are you going to do, then? Probably some gang-banger. Some crack head. If you think Mary's death seemed random then, wait until you meet this idiot.

Cross doesn't want to hear this.

LOMAS
What about Lindy? Lindy needs her father. When are you going to quit nights?

Zak returns, handing him the copy of the sketch.

ZAK
Here you go, Doc.

CROSS
Thanks. I'll talk to you, Charlie.

LOMAS
Think about it, Mike.

Cross heads for the door.

EXT. POONIES - NIGHT

A sleazy strip joint; its sign, a smiling woman spinning red neon pasties.

INT. POONIES - NIGHT

Cross enters and squints, eyes adjusting. Multi-colored stage lights glare through the haze of cigarette smoke. It is loud.

A large sweaty man spreads out a crumpled dollar bill on the stage at the feet of a stripper perched upon her red stiletto heels.

Uncomfortable, Cross makes his way to the bar. Cross looks around. He has no idea what to do.

The music throbs. The stripper grinds. Men howl.

He pulls out the police sketch and hands it to the young bartender.

CROSS
Have you ever seen this woman?

BARTENDER
What, you a cop?

CROSS
No, I'm a Doctor.

He takes the sketch looking it over.

BARTENDER
Yeah. I remember the nose stud. She worked here about a year ago.

CROSS
What happened to her?

BARTENDER
No idea. Just disappeared. One day took off like most of these girls do. Here and gone, but someone always takes their place.

CROSS
Was it around the time that police officer was killed across the street?

BARTENDER
Oh yeah, that lady cop. I think it was.

CROSS
Do you remember her name?

BARTENDER
The cop?

CROSS
No, the dancer.

BARTENDER
Yeah-- It was Sasha.

Cross throws a twenty down.

BARTENDER
Thanks man.

INT. CROSS CAR - NIGHT

Cross gets in his car and quickly starts it. He keeps his head down as if he were afraid to look up.

As he starts down the street, he glances to his left at it. The abandoned building.

The building where Mary died.

EXT. COOK COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

A concrete building. Few windows.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Close on a computer screen. The word "Searching" steadily blinks.

Cross stands at Bulinsky's desk. In his hand is the drawing of Sasha. They wait in silence.

The computer search ends, "No Match Found".

BULINSKY
Sorry, Doc. Nothing.

CROSS
It was a long shot, anyway.

Bulinsky nods. Silence.

BULINSKY
You working tonight, Doc?

CROSS
No, no I'm not. Actually, I think I'm going to take some time off. Catch up on some things.

BULINSKY
Sounds nice.

CROSS
I'll see you, Bulinsky.

BULINSKY
Have a nice day.

Bulinsky picks up his gardening magazine.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

Again it is very early in the morning. The house is dark. But the hallway of pictures is empty.

INT. LINDY CROSS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cross has pulled a chair up next to his daughter's bed to watch her sleep.

He looks on lovingly, sweeping a few strands of hair from her face. It is the first time we've seen him touch her.

FLASHBACK/CROSS'S MEMORY - DELIVERY ROOM

A hospital corridor. Michael Cross' POV Rushing down the glaring white hall.

He slips an arm into the sleeve of a blue paper "scrub" and we burst through a door marked: Delivery Cl.

CUT BACK

Michael stares at Lindy.

FLASHBACK - DELIVERY ROOM

The delivery room. Mary, still drenched in sweat, tears of joy streaming down her face as she holds tightly to her newborn daughter.

Cross opens his arms.

CROSS
Mary.

Mary's expression darkens as she sees him.

MARY
Michael--

CROSS
Our baby. God she's beautiful. Our baby.

Mary speaks feebly.

MARY
Michael, where--?

CROSS
I'm here, honey. I'm here.

He puts a gloved hand on her forehead.

CUT BACK

Cross kisses his daughter on her head and she stirs from her slumber.

LINDY
Dad?

CROSS
Time for school, honey.

He smiles at her.

LINDY
Uh huh.

INT. CROSS HALLWAY - DAY

A knock is heard.

Cross answers the door. It is Jess.

CROSS
Morning.

JESS
Morning.

CROSS
Come on in. I want you to meet someone-- Lindy!

Dressed for school, Lindy hurries down the hall dragging her Wonder Woman backpack.

CROSS
Lindy, this a friend of mine, Jess. Jess this is my daughter Lindy.

JESS
It's very nice to meet you.

LINDY
You're the lady Daddy didn't want to talk to.

JESS
That's right. Hey, I love Wonder Woman.

She helps her put on the backpack.

LINDY
See Daddy she's nice.

CROSS
All right, you're going to be late for your bus.

Lindy runs out the door.

LINDY
Bye!

CROSS
Would you like some coffee?

JESS
That would be perfect.

INT. KITCHEN

Cream swirls into the rich darkness.

JESS
How did the "number two" go?

CROSS
Great. Charlie was great. Didn't ask too many questions. There's an APB out on her now.

JESS
What about you? How do feel today?

CROSS
I feel good. I feel-- I don't know-- Alive.

She eyes him suspiciously.

CROSS
Listen, I know you want to run the blood tests, but I feel fine. Really. What I want-- I want to take another injection.

JESS
Michael--

CROSS
Please, Jess this is important. We've only accessed non-encoded memories. It's just the beginning. I mean, think about it. The rest of the memory is still there, waiting. Don't you want to know? Aren't you dying to know if we can go any deeper?

JESS
That is an unfair question

Cross smiles. He's got her.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Cross takes the vial out of the centrifuge.

JESS
You already had it set up? You were going to do it with or without me, weren't you?

CROSS
I was hoping it was with you.

JESS
I don't know-- I don't know--

CROSS
Come on, Jessica. The gains far outweigh the risks.

JESS
Were not sure how the virus is going to behave with encoded memory. It could mutate.

CROSS
There's always a reason not to do something.

JESS
What about the sequence itself? You're going to have completely random memories at best.

Cross fills a hypodermic needle with the white liquid from the vial.

CROSS
Not exactly. I have identified certain element clusters, saturated with the codes from adrenaline.

He begins taking off his shirt.

CROSS
They might be random, but at least they won't be boring. Come on, Jess, I've got these three memories already set up. We'll run through each of them. Then the follow up tests will be worth a lot more.

He offers her the needle.

JESS
Michael, tell me the truth. Why are you doing this?

CROSS
What do you mean?

JESS
If it wasn't Mary, would you still do it?

CROSS
That is an unfair question.

She smiles as she injects the serum.

CROSS
Oh, the camera.

She steps over clicking it on.

Cross breathes deep. He is more relaxed, rolling his head from side to side. She checks his pulse.

Cross smells something peculiar.

CROSS
Do you smell that?

JESS
What?

He realizes what it is.

CROSS
Cigars.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Poker night.

Chips, cards and empty beer bottles litter the table top.

A card spins through the air.

Mary's POV as she sweeps the card into her hand.

CUT BACK

CROSS
It's poker night. Mary played with Charlie and some of the other cops.

JESS
How does the memory feel? Is it the same?

INJECTION FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Four beers are raised and clattered together.

Lomas smiles at us. At Mary.

LOMAS
To the future.

CUT BACK

CROSS
No, it's different. Like broken pieces.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Kimble is standing from his chair pointing angrily at Mary. From her POV, his finger almost warps as it thrust at us.

KIMBLE
What the fuck is wrong with you, you dumb broad?

Mary's POV rises as she stands.

CUT BACK

Jess checks his pulse again.

JESS
Pulse is climbing. I'll bet your body is matching the adrenaline levels.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Kimble snarls as he continues to yell.

KIMBLE
What are you going to do? Come on try something.

He pushes Mary and in an instant her gun is in her hand. She swings, pistol whipping Kimble hard in the face.

Blood squirts from his nose.

MARY
Don't ever touch me.

CUT BACK

And then it is over.

CROSS
Jesus, she cracked him with her gun.

JESS
Cracked who?

CROSS
Kimble. Another cop. A friend of Charlie's.

JESS
Why?

CROSS
I'm not sure. They were fighting. Maybe over the game.

JESS
Do you remember her talking about a fight at a poker game?

CROSS
No. No I don't--

He's searching his memory.

CROSS
But, we really didn't talk about that stuff. I guess I wasn't that interested.

JESS
What did you talk about?

CROSS
Well, we talked about this, about being able to go into someone's mind.

JESS
You talked about your work.

Cross shrugs.

CROSS
I think it's over. I think we should try the next one.

Jess picks it up and ties the rubber cord.

Cross stares deep in thought. The memory comes almost immediately.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - CROSS BEDROOM

POV staring at the digital display of the clock across the bed of Cross' bedroom. 4:00 AM. Half of the bed is still made.

The POV rises and we see Mary Cross in the dresser mirror. She is holding onto her pregnant stomach.

CUT BACK

Cross stands, grabbing his stomach.

JESS
What's happening? What's wrong?

INJECTION FLASHBACK - CROSS' BEDROOM

As her water gushes down her legs and soaks the carpet.

CUT BACK

He looks at Jess.

CROSS
You're not going to believe this, but my water just broke.

JESS
Jesus Christ.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - CROSS BEDROOM

Mary's shaking hand reaches for the phone. Fingers frantic on the push button numbers.

CUT BACK

Jess laughs nervously.

CROSS
I'm trying to reach... she's trying to call me.

JESS
This is incredible. You're going to be the first man to ever have a baby, Michael.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - DELIVERY ROOM

Mary's POV, her knees bent, in the midst of her delivery.

Mary screams.

The doctor says something indiscernible in the slag of sound.

MARY
Shit! Where's my husband? Please! Where is he?

She screams again, gritting her teeth.

MARY
Michael!

CUT BACK

CROSS
It's over.

Cross' breathing begins to slow.

CROSS
It's over. I never showed up.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - DELIVERY ROOM

Mary's POV as Michael bursts through the doors. He is smiling arms outstretched.

Mary speaks feebly, but now we can hear the acid in her tone.

MARY
Michael, where?

CROSS
I'm here, honey. I'm here.

CUT BACK

Cross rubs the top of his head, thoughts whirling inside.

Jess watches dumbfounded at what she has just witnessed.

He lifts his head trying to remember.

CROSS
God, where was I? I wasn't there.

He looks at her as if she could answer his question.

JESS
Are you okay? What happened?

He falls into his chair.

CROSS
Where was I?

Jess doesn't know what to say.

Cross sits his face buried in his hands.

JESS
Michael-- I'm sorry.

She touches his shoulder.

JESS
I think that's enough for today.

She walks over to the camera and clicks it off.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BODY BAG

Cross opens his eyes, confused at the darkness around him, light barely filtering in from the long zipper.

His hand brushes against the heavy dark plastic that surrounds him, as he tries to get it away from his face.

He turns his head, stitching of light falling across his eyes.

He swallows hard, suddenly realizing that he is in a body bag. It closes in on him.

Cross begins to thrash, kicking, punching, clawing at the dark shroud, but is unable to break it.

He is hyperventilating, sweat oozing from his pores.

His screams seems to last forever.

INT. CROSS BEDROOM - NIGHT

He sits naked on the edge of the king sized bed, awash in the blue-green of the digital display.

It is 3:00 AM.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Cross is sitting in his car, staring out the windshield down the street. Staring at the building.

It remains a place of dark, urban nightmares. A place of disposable needles, disposable lives.

INT. CROSS CAR - NIGHT

His hands wring the steering wheel.

CROSS
What am I doing here?

He drops his head.

CROSS
I'm here because you were here.

It appears he is talking to himself.

CROSS
I just want to know what happened, Mary. What happened to you? What happened--

He looks up into the rearview mirror. And it is Mary's reflection asking the question.

MARY
--to you?

Startled, he blinks. He hears someone in the street.

A woman in high heels and apparently nothing on under her coat, exits from Poonies and crosses to the empty building.

At first Cross thinks it is Sasha, but it is not. She is another stripper from the club.

Cross watches as she enters the building.

He gets out of his car and follows.

Down the street, he is walking exactly where Mary had walked.

He looks into the same unlit storefront window, but does not see his own reflection.

He sees Mary's.

He blinks and she is gone.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Cross enters.

There is the same ominous black stillness from Mary's memory, but now, it is very real.

Cross begins searching through the building.

He hears voices. A woman's.

He is moving down the same hall that Mary searched, moving towards the room where she was killed.

Cross steps into the room, unable to breathe.

He goes to the window. His eyes are burning with sweat and tears.

He hears someone, but the words are lost in the warped scream of "Die, bitch".

Flashback to the gun rammed at the back of Mary's head.

He starts to turn--

MAN
I said don't move motherfucker!

Cross realizes the gun is very real.

MAN
Who the fuck are you?

Cross stammers.

MAN
What are you doing here?

CROSS
I was looking for a woman.

MAN
A woman? A woman? Here? Whaddaya nuts?

CROSS
No. I saw a woman--

MAN
You a cop?

CROSS
No. I'm a doctor.

MAN
Bullshit. Prove it.

Cross fumbles through his pockets.

WOMAN
Tony? Tony, what are you doing?

MAN
Shut the hell up.

Cross finds his hospital I.D. card.

CROSS
Here.

He starts to turn, but Mazzone shoves the gun into his face, stopping him.

WOMAN
Please, Tony. Please can I just--

MAZZONE
Would you please shut up. I'm busy!

Cross looks over his shoulder and sees Tony Mazzone. His eyes widen. He knows this man.

Flashback. Mary's POV outside the building we see Tony Mazzone walk past Lomas crossing the street to Poonies.

Cross' body grows rigid.

MAZZONE
Doctor Michael Cross, M.D.
Neuropath.

WOMAN
Tony, please. I need my shit.

Tony turns slightly--

MAZZONE
Would you give me a break--

And Cross attacks.

He grabs the gun hand the gun firing wildly.

The woman screams and runs.

Cross twists the wrist violently and the gun falls to the floor.

Before Cross can grab it, Mazzone racks him with a right, his large rings drawing blood.

Cross releases a furious counter, punches flying, pounding viciously, knocking Mazzone to the ground.

Cross turns for the gun.

Mazzone runs.

Cross hauls after him.

Crashing down the hall, they almost fall down the stairs together, as Cross dives knocking Mazzone to the dirty floor.

Before Mazzone can get up Cross is on his feet snarling, leveling the gun at his head.

MAZZONE
Okay, you got me. I got the shit kicked out of me by Quincy.

CROSS
I know you! You were there! Here!

MAZZONE
What are you talking about?

CROSS
Nine months ago, a woman, a police woman, was killed in this building. You were there. I saw you outside.

MAZZONE
Whoa, Doc, whoa. I didn't have nothing to do with that.

CROSS
Prove it.

MAZZONE
I already did. I had a hundred witnesses. I was inside Poonies when it happened. What's it to you?

Cross takes a deep breath. He is thinking, putting the pieces together.

CROSS
That woman who was here works at Poonies doesn't she?

MAZZONE
Yeah so?

CROSS
You're a drug dealer.

MAZZONE
Please, Doc. I make people feel better, just like you do.

He smiles.

CROSS
Before the police woman was killed, you were in this building selling to another woman. Her name was Sasha.

MAZZONE
How did you know that?

CROSS
What happened to her?

MAZZONE
I don't know. I heard she turned pro.

CROSS
Pro?

MAZZONE
Honey for money.

CROSS
Do you know where I can find her?

MAZZONE
Ask the cops. They probably know her. I doubt she went far. She had an expensive leash.

CROSS
Leash?

He slaps his fingers against his arm as if he were trying to raise a vein.

MAZZONE
She was a good customer. One day she'll probably be one of your customers. Right Doc?

Cross is thinking, afraid he has hit a dead end.

MAZZONE
Hey Doc, while you're here, could you feel this lump right here?

Mazzone is pointing to his neck.

Cross stares at him and Mazzone drops his arm.

MAZZONE
Can I at least have my gun back?

EXT. CROSS HOUSE - DAY

Bright with daylight.

INT. CROSS KITCHEN - DAY

Cross enters looking somewhat haggard. A fat lip.

Lindy looks up from her huge bowl of cereal.

LINDY
Morning Daddy.

CROSS
Hi, honey.

LINDY
Daddy, what happened to your lip?

CROSS
I fell down.

Lindy shrugs.

LINDY
You should be more careful.

Cross sits at the table, the receiver of his phone pressed against his ear.

CROSS
Sergeant Charlie Lomas, please.

LINDY
Megan's having a slumber party tomorrow. Can I go?

CROSS
Sure, honey, sure--

From over the phone we hear the voice of Charlie Lomas.

LOMAS
Lomas here.

CROSS
Charlie. This is Mike.

LOMAS
Mike, how you doing?

CROSS
Fine. Charlie, do you remember during Mary's investigation a guy, Tony something, Italian?

LOMAS
Tony Mazzone. Sure, deals for the dancers. Small time punk.

CROSS
But his story checked out?

LOMAS
Yeah, I think so. Why?

CROSS
I just wanted to make sure--

LOMAS
Damn it, Mike. If you're interfering with police business--

CROSS
Have you heard anything about the witness?

LOMAS
Christ, it's been twenty four fucking hours--

CROSS
Her name's Sasha.

Lomas laughs.

LOMAS
Mike, you're a piece of work. Believe me, if she's still around, we'll get her.

CROSS
Thanks, Charlie.

LOMAS
I'll see you tonight at my party, right?

CROSS
We'll see.

He hangs up.

INT. CROSS KITCHEN

Later. Lindy has already left for school.

Cross lies in his leather recliner a wash cloth of ice on his head.

There is a knock on the front door.

CROSS
It's open.

Jess enters.

JESS
You look terrible.

CROSS
You should see the other guy.

JESS
What happened?

CROSS
I was out where I shouldn't have been.

JESS
Last night?

She studies his eyes, his face, like a doctor.

JESS
You haven't been sleeping.

He rubs his burning eyes.

CROSS
I have been having some trouble.

JESS
What kind of trouble?

CROSS
Dreams... Nightmares.

JESS
Are they yours or Mary's?

He looks at her, unsure himself.

JESS
A lack of sleep is sign of addiction. You could be developing a dependency.

CROSS
I'm fine, really. I just-- Maybe I just need a little break.

JESS
I think that's a good idea.

CROSS
Charlie Lomas' retirement party is tonight. Maybe it's what I need, a distraction.

JESS
That sounds perfect.

He looks down.

CROSS
Would you like to go?

JESS
I'd love to.

INT. JESS' CAR - NIGHT

The car pulls up outside Lomas' house.

There are normal cars and police cars parked everywhere. Mostly illegally.

Inside the house the party is obviously rocking.

JESS
I thought you said this was a small party.

CROSS
For Charlie, this looks pretty small.

JESS
Wow.

CROSS
You know, maybe this is a bad idea. Maybe we should go.

JESS
Come on, we're here. We'll have a couple drinks. It'll be fun.

CROSS
I just think I should have warned you first.

JESS
Warned me? Come on, Michael. They're just people.

CROSS
No, they're not.

JESS
No? Then what are they?

He looks at her, a partial smile.

CROSS
Cops.

INT. LOMAS' HOUSE.

At Charlie Lomas' house, Elvis is still king.

The house is filled with clusters of suburban women and overweight men, yelling obscenities at each other as they guzzle bottles of whiskey, cans of beer, and puff on cigars.

The dining table is filled with bowls of pretzels, chips and dip.

There is a big cake with "Good luck, Charlie. From the 87th" Written in blood-red gelatin.

Over the fireplace there's the computer print-out banner that reads "Good-bye Charlie, we'll never forget you."

Charlie has his arm around a pretty woman, smoking his stogie, laughing hysterically.

Niko, a younger cop, stands nearby.

LOMAS
Yeah. Niko always looks good in a dress. I mean we had the perp in the cage and he's still trying to get his phone number.

NIKO
That's bullshit! He's making that shit up!

LOMAS
A few days later we're in the locker room and Jerry looks in Niko's locker and he's got a garter belt hanging there and Jerry says, "Hey, Niko, that's a funny lookin' jock!"

Violent laughter as Niko tries to deny it.

NIKO
Fuck that! That's total fucking bullshit!

It doesn't matter, everyone's still laughing.

NIKO
I'll tell you one thing, nobody's gonna miss your mouth, Lomas!

LOMAS
Nobody but your wife!

Everybody explodes again, as Lomas wiggles his tongue.

The front door opens and Jess follows Cross inside.

LOMAS
Mike! I'm glad you came.

He pushes through the crowded hallway and embraces Cross.

Cross hands him a bottle of Glenlivett.

LOMAS
Oh, Mike, this is a beautiful thing. I guess I ain't going to bed alone tonight.

He smiles as he notices Jess.

LOMAS
Hi, there. I'm Charlie Lomas.

Lomas is already grabbing her by the arm and leading her in.

INT. KITCHEN

It's a little quieter, as Lomas fills three glasses with scotch.

LOMAS
Salud!

CROSS
Salud!

Cross throws down the drink. Ahhh. Pours each of them another.

LOMAS
So, Jessica, knowing Mike like I do, you must be either a doctor or a corpse.

She smiles.

LOMAS
My money is on doctor.

JESS
Mike and I are colleagues.

LOMAS
Colleagues? Don't tell me you hack open bodies too?

JESS
I do autopsies, yes.

LOMAS
Oh, that's too bad.

JESS
Too bad, why?

LOMAS
You're young, attractive. You should be having fun.

JESS
Pathologists can't have fun?

LOMAS
No. It's impossible. Look at Mike here. He's a ghoul. He' always thinking about death. It's an occupational thing. Looking inside dead people all day, it's depressing.

CROSS
How many times do I have to hear this?

Lomas smiles, puffing on his stogie.

LOMAS
Take cigars, I love them. I don't want to know what they are doing to my lungs. I don't give a shit. I don't want to know what this scotch is doing to my liver. I just want to enjoy them.

He laughs, pouring everyone another drink.

JESS
If simply knowing consequences is depressing, then being a cop has got to be just as bad.

LOMAS
You are absolutely right, Jessica. Just look at these guys.

In the living room, the crowd has begun to howl. A fight beginning to escalate.

LOMAS
They're fucking nuts. Every guy in there. Everyone of them is packing. This is supposed to be a party. You know why their nuts? 'Cause they got no life-- they got no future.

He sighs, guzzling another stiff drink.

LOMAS
But that ain't me. I'm out. Tonight I ain't drinking to the past. I'm drinking-- to the future.

They clink glasses.

FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Lomas' smiling face staring at Mary.

LOMAS
To the future.

CUT BACK

Jess is staring at Cross.

JESS
You all right?

CROSS
I'm fine. Fine.

LOMAS
Now, Jess, I have to ask you. How can someone spend all day slicing open dead people, ever get turned on by a body? I mean, you're flipping out organs, digging through them tubes and all that weird gory shit in there. That's gotta affect you.

JESS
You're drunk.

LOMAS
You're goddamn right I'm drunk--

JESS
Okay, I'll answer your question, Charlie. Do you know anything about cars?

LOMAS
Cars? Shit, first love of my life. Sixty-six Mustang convertible. Rebuilt the engine myself.

JESS
Who do you think could really appreciate that car? Someone who just gets in and drives it, or someone who knows what's going on under the hood?

Lomas smiles.

LOMAS
Mike, I like this woman.

But Cross is somewhere else.

FLASHBACK - LOMAS' DINING ROOM

Mary smashes her gun into Kimble's face.

CUT BACK

Jess looks concerned.

JESS
Are you sure you're all right?

CROSS
Yeah, I just need to use the bathroom. I'll be back.

INT. LOMAS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cross is hanging over the sink pressing cold water to his face as he hears voices echoing in his head.

LOMAS
Why the fuck did you do that?

MARY
I told him not to touch me.

LOMAS
They're worried about you.

He looks up and sees himself as Mary looking into the mirror at Charlie, who is standing at the door.

MARY
What does that mean?

He turns from the mirror to the door--

No one is there.

He squeezes his head as if it were coming apart.

CROSS
God damn it.

INT. LOMAS' HALL - NIGHT

Cross emerges from the bathroom and Niko sees him.

NIKO
Well, well, the good Dr. Cross.

CROSS
Niko, isn't it?

NIKO
You know you should watch your back a little better.

He smiles looking at something over Cross' shoulder.

Cross turns and sees Lomas standing close to Jess pouring her another drink.

NIKO
Look familiar.

CROSS
What are you talking about?

NIKO
Breathing a little life into an old rumor.

Ditka, a burly cop, over hears.

DITKA
Niko, why don't you do everyone a favor and keep that cock-hole closed!

NIKO
Fuck you!

DITKA
What? Are you on the rag again, Niko?

NIKO
Don't start with me, Ditka!

DITKA
Suck my dick, you fucking fairy!

NIKO
Suck your dick?

Niko whips out his .38 from his belt holster.

NIKO
How about you suck my dick?

Niko pins him against the wall thrusting his gun into Ditka's face.

NIKO
Open your fucking mouth! Open your hole!

Lomas sees it happening, everyone in the entire room drawing a gun.

LOMAS
Jesus Christ.

Jess follows Lomas running from the kitchen.

COP #1
Put the gun down, Niko.

COP #2
Drop the gun, Niko.

Cross watches as Lomas, the only one without a gun, wedges himself between Ditka and Niko.

LOMAS
Come on, Niko.

NIKO
You fucking started this shit, Charlie.

LOMAS
Okay. You wanna shoot, Niko? Shoot me, I got the biggest mouth here. C'mon, shoot, big target.

He opens his mouth, as wide as he can, right in front of the barrel.

NIKO
Oh, Charlie, shit.

He drops his arm.

LOMAS
Good man, good man.

Lomas embraces him. Several people clap. Cheers.

Jessica stands with Cross.

CROSS
I think we should go.

INT. CROSS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire house rests in quiet darkness, except a single end table lamp which glows dimly next to the couch where Cross and Jess sit. They each hold a large mug of steaming coffee.

JESS
You had another flashback?

CROSS
It was pretty much the same. That poker night. She went into the bathroom.

JESS
Is that why you went to the bathroom?

CROSS
I'm not sure.

JESS
Could you tell what happened?

CROSS
Not really. It seemed exactly like tonight. Two cops blowing up at each other.

JESS
That was incredible.

CROSS
I tried to warn you.

JESS
Why did he start with you?

CROSS
I have no idea. No idea what he was saying. He was drunk, looking for a fight. Knew I was probably the only unarmed man in the room.

JESS
You and Charlie. That was amazing.

CROSS
That's Charlie.

JESS
How did he get hurt?

CROSS
It was a couple of weeks after Mary died. He was in a drug bust that went badly. Two cops died and Charlie was crippled. It was a bad time.

JESS
That's so sad. He seems like a good guy.

CROSS
Yeah, he is.

Silence.

JESS
How are you feeling now?

CROSS
I feel...better.

JESS
Good.

She sips her coffee. It seems she wants to say something, but is unsure how to begin.

CROSS
I liked what you said about cars.

JESS
It's true. I think the inside can be so much more interesting than the outside.

CROSS
Yes.

JESS
Like right now, I'm just sitting here, sipping coffee. You're sitting there, sipping coffee. On the surface, it seems that nothing is happening.

CROSS
But something is happening.

JESS
Oh, yes. Right now, my heart is pounding, my palms are sweating, synapses are firing, my adrenal glands are wide open, erector pili muscles are pulsing. My parasympathetic nervous system is revving. Really, inside, I'm completely out of control.

Cross swallows hard.

JESS
Can I tell you something else? Do you want to know how I got the idea for the virus?

CROSS
Yes.

JESS
I was reading your paper, and all I could think about was your brain, firing like some combustion engine, cerebro-spinal fluid pumping, trying to cool off that electrical storm in there.

She touches his head, her fingers running through his hair.

JESS
I kept thinking about your lecture, and how I felt watching you. And then the word 'attractors.' And what is love? And then the word, lovesick. Sickness. Virus. Virus as attractor.

CROSS
I'm sorry, what?

JESS
Lovesick. That was how I felt, being attracted to you.

CROSS
You were attracted to me?

JESS
I am attracted to you.

CROSS
Oh.

She leans in and kisses him.

CROSS
Um, Jessica--

He swallows hard. She catches this and watches as his throat muscles contract. It excites her and she kisses him again, harder this time, as she crawls into his lap straddling him.

She chomps on his open mouth lips and tongue sucking and mashing violently.

His hands hover in the air unsure of where to put them. He realizes his clumsiness and lets rest on her waist and a naked thigh.

She continues her hungry attack on Cross' mouth and unbutton her blouse. She strips her shirt from her back pausing briefly.

They both breathe heavily coming up for air, watching the rise and fall of each other's chest. They both smile thinking the same thing.

INT. CROSS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael Cross sits on the edge of his bed staring off into the darkness of his bedroom. The covers are wrapped around Jessica as she sleeps soundly. He looks at her for a moment before quietly slipping out of the room.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

He sits heavily on one of the stools in the greenish fluorescents and stares at the computer monitor.

CROSS
I don't know, Mary.

He holds up the third hypodermic needle. It gleams in the light of the computer monitor.

He takes injection.

And he lays his head down.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Mary's POV. She is naked.

On her hands and knees, sweat glistening on her arms, her hair hanging tangled in our eyes.

Everything rocks rhythmically--increasingly violent.

The bed squeaking is the only sound besides the blood pounding in our ears.

CUT BACK

Something bothers Cross.

He is trying to recognize the hotel room. Trying to remember this moment.

But he cannot.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Mary slowly turns. She sees herself in the dresser mirror, and we catch only a glimpse of the man behind her, his hands firmly around her waist.

She continues to turn, looking back over her shoulder at the man, his face wet with sweat, his smile bright.

Charlie Lomas.

CUT BACK

CROSS
No!

He closes his eyes, fighting the memory.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

They are both dressing.

She buttons her polyester police shirt, watching him buckle on his gunbelt. She seems upset.

She turns.

MARY
I can't do it, Charlie.

CUT BACK

Her voice echoes in his head.

MARY
I'm afraid. I have Michael and Lindy. I can't.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Lomas grabs hold of her shoulder.

LOMAS
No one is giving you a choice.

He smiles and leans towards us as if he was going to kiss her. But she turns--

CUT BACK

As Cross turns with her, charging up the staircase.

INT. CHARLIE LOMAS' BEDROOM - DAWN

A steady snore emits from Lomas' open mouth as the first light of dawn seeps through the cracks of his venetian blinds.

His sleep is shattered when his bedroom window explodes, a brick tearing through the blinds landing on his bed.

LOMAS
Jesus!

He reaches into his night stand removing his standard issue revolver.

LOMAS
What the fuck?

INT. CHARLIE LOMAS' REAR HALL - DAWN

Lomas strides at his back door stopping a few feet from it as a figure flashes in the window. The door splinters from its hinges as Michael Cross charges through it knocking Lomas back onto the ground.

The gun fires errantly as he hits the floor.

LOMAS
Christ!

Cross rises from the wreckage of the door and jamb and sprints at Lomas.

Lomas catches a glimpse of Michael before he hits him.

LOMAS
Mike?

Cross bellows as he lands a right into Lomas' jaw that sends him careening into the dining room table. The bottles of liquor and punch from the party, crash on top him as he falls.

He looks up at Cross.

LOMAS
Mike, what the fuck are you doing?

Cross grabs him from the floor.

CROSS
Kicking your ass.

Cross plants a fist into Lomas' stomach and recocks as he doubles over. A round house sends Lomas to the ground again.

Lomas scrambles from the floor coughing blood, Cross advancing.

Groping hands find the neck of a beer bottle. Lomas swings as Cross is on him and breaks the bottle over his head in a shower of warm beer and green glass.

Cross screams, falling.

Charlie looks wild eyed at him.

LOMAS
What in the fuck is going on here?

Cross bullrushes him from the ground like a charging linebacker.

Lomas lifts a knee into Cross' face, with a crunch, but Cross' momentum knocks him through a glass coffee table. It shatters with a terrible crash.

Lomas is dazed, a large gash on his forehead oozing blood.

Cross rolls from his belly into a sitting position, holding onto a bloody and obviously broken nose.

Lomas lurches to his feet and staggers across the room.

Cross sees that he is going for his gun cabinet and scrambles after him.

Cross plows into Charlie pushing him through the glass window in the cabinet. Shards of glass shower to the carpeted floor.

Lomas pushes Cross to the ground and pulls a shotgun from the gun closet.

He pumps it and fires up into the ceiling. Chunks of plaster and dust fall from the blast hole.

LOMAS
Shit. Look what you made me do.

Cross stares hard at him from behind a bloody fist.

LOMAS
Mike, when did you go psycho?

CROSS
How could you do it?

LOMAS
Do what?

He slowly stands.

LOMAS
Do what, Mike?

CROSS
You and Mary.

Lomas' mouth opens.

LOMAS
What?

CROSS
Cut the bullshit, Charlie. I know you were fucking my wife!

This stuns Lomas.

LOMAS
Jesus, Mike.

He sits on a glass covered couch.

LOMAS
How did you--

Cross stands, wiping blood onto his shirt.

CROSS
Why, Charlie? I want you to tell me, why.

LOMAS
Mike, what are you doing here? Do you have any idea?

Cross glares at him.

LOMAS
Are you here for Mary? 'Cause if you are, that's pretty sad. You didn't even fucking know Mary.

He throws the bottle across the room and stands.

LOMAS
You know why? Because you were never around. She used to come crying to me. Telling me how your marriage was a disaster. How you were always too busy with your work.

Cross does not want to hear this.

LOMAS
Let's face it, Mike. She was a stranger. And you're here to fight for her? That's a laugh! A real fucking joke!

Cross turns, ignoring him and leaves, glass crunching under his feet.

INT. CROSS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael Cross sits alone on his couch. He has cleaned himself up but his bruised face and scabbing cuts are still very noticeable. There is a bag of ice on his head.

On the coffee table in front of him are several tomes of photo albums. Single snapshots sit in a large pile as if someone had vomited up their life's memories.

He looks up, as Jess enters. She is wearing one of his shirts. She sees his bruised face.

JESS
Oh my god. What happened?

CROSS
I went back to Charlie's.

JESS
What? Why?

CROSS
Charlie and my wife were having an affair.

She sits next to him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

JESS
Oh no.

CROSS
Last night, I couldn't sleep. I don't even know why I did it, but I came downstairs--

JESS
You took another dose.

CROSS
I'm sorry. I'm not sure what I was doing. What I was thinking. I just don't know anymore.

He looks at the mound of pictures.

CROSS
I'm looking at these photos, these memories and none of them are real any more. My entire life was bullshit. I was a crappy father, a lousy husband-- I've spent my life trying to find out that I was wasting my life.

JESS
Your life isn't bullshit. It wasn't wasted.

He gestures to the pile.

CROSS
Yeah? Prove it. Show me something in here that has worth.

LINDY
Daddy?

They turn and see Lindy standing in the door. He looks back at Jess.

JESS
There you go.

Cross smiles, walking over to his daughter and picks her up.

CROSS
Morning, honey.

LINDY
Did you have a slumber party too?

CROSS
Yeah, I guess so. Is anybody hungry?

LINDY
I am!

JESS
Me too.

INT. CROSS KITCHEN - DAY

Close on a thick batter spreading through the metal maze of the waffle machine.

Lindy sits at the kitchen table chewing vigorously on a chunk of waffle. She speaks with her mouth full.

LINDY
Daddy, you said you didn't know how to make "Mommy waffles".

CROSS
I didn't.

JESS
Do you think it's an assimilation of some kind?

CROSS
It must be. I came into the kitchen and suddenly I just knew.

JESS
I think we should run some tests later.

CROSS
Sure doctor. Sure. But first we eat.

He drops a beautiful thick, golden, brown waffle shimmering with butter and syrup in front of her.

Everyone enjoys the same meal.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Jess is taking blood samples from Cross, filling a series of small vials.

JESS
I think you should stay off the serum today.

CROSS
Yes.

He is quiet, staring at the churning DNA analysis program.

She fills another.

JESS
What is it? What are you thinking?

CROSS
I can't tell if Mary's memories have made me want to know what happened to her, more than I did before, or less.

JESS
You can't just stop now.

She finishes pressing a ball of cotton to his arm.

CROSS
I know. I just wish there was something I could do. Something to help, to get it over with.

JESS
You could go over the tapes. Maybe there's something we missed.

CROSS
Like what?

JESS
What about the other patrol car?

CROSS
What about it?

JESS
Maybe we should talk to those cops.

CROSS
We can't.

He reaches over to the bulletin board and pulls off a news paper clipping, "Two Officers Killed, One Wounded in Drug Raid".

JESS
Is this where Charlie got hurt?

CROSS
Yes.

Jess scans the article.

JESS
Wait a minute. If they were shot, there would have been an autopsy.

CROSS
So?

JESS
They might still have either brain or at least a sample in the Neuro-Path department at County.

CROSS
What good would they be? If they had seen something--

JESS
Maybe they didn't know what they were looking for.

CROSS
It's possible.

JESS
The problem would be finding the night Mary was killed.

CROSS
Actually, it's a short enough time from when they died that we could still count the NCR-Seritonin.

JESS
Produced in sleep?

Cross checks the date on the paper.

CROSS
Eight elements would be eight nights backward from the negative charge.

JESS
His death.

CROSS
Right.

JESS
It's worth a try.

CROSS
I don't know. It could lead nowhere and I'm not ready for another persons memories.

JESS
I could do it.

CROSS
No. That's not a good idea.

JESS
Why?

CROSS
One guinea pig is enough.

JESS
Michael, it's my serum. I could take it if I want to.

CROSS
I'm not objecting because I'm trying to keep something from you.

JESS
Why are you objecting?

CROSS
Because I don't want anything to happen to you. I care about you, Jess.

JESS
I care about you. That's why I want to help.

CROSS
Okay, okay. I understand. If we find one of them, then we'll see.

JESS
All right, I'll check the D-base when I drop off these samples. Do you want to come?

CROSS
No. I think I'll spend some time with the other woman in my life.

Jess smiles.

JESS
That sounds like a fine idea Dr. Cross.

She kisses him.

EXT. CROSS BACKYARD - DAY

A baseball flies through the air.

Pop. It smacks into Lindy's mitt.

LINDY
You know Dad--

She throws it back to her father.

LINDY
You kind of throw like Mom.

CROSS
Thanks. I think.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

Jess sits at a hospital records computer. She finds the "Sample Codes" for officer Eddie Maddock.

INT. COOK COUNTY PATHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

A room with rows of enormous metal flat-drawers. Jessica searches through several drawers filled with human organ and tissue samples in petri dishes.

She is unable to find what she is looking for.

She turns for the attendant.

JESS
Excuse me, I can't find this sample.

The attendant checks the codes.

ATTENDANT
Well, these are eight months old.
This is County.

The attendant shrugs.

ATTENDANT
Good luck.

INT. CROSS HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindy and Cross are lying together on the big couch. The living room is dark and quiet; blue with the soft glow of television. Lindy is reading a Wonder Woman comic book.

LINDY
Daddy do you know why Wonder Woman is better than Superman?

CROSS
No, why?

LINDY
'Cause she can make people tell the truth. Superman can't even do that.

CROSS
That's true. Who told you that?

LINDY
Mommy.

Cross smiles.

INT. NEURO-PATHOLOGY STOREROOM - NIGHT

A huge room.

Jess is wandering among the rows of shelves filled with human brains, adult to fetal, floating in yellow preservative fluid inside white Tupperware containers.

She looks at a slip of paper in her hand; a code beneath the name Eddie Maddock. She is scanning the red numbers scrawled on the tubs when--

CLERK
Excuse me. May I help you?

The clerk is pushing a cart loaded with the pickled brains.

JESS
I'm looking--

CLERK
I'm going to need request and release forms for anything going out of here.

JESS
Of course. No problem.

The clerk leaves.

She pushes through several smaller quart sized plastic tubs and grabs a gallon sized one.

The number matches the number in her hand.

JESS
Yes! Hello Officer Maddock. Want to go for a ride?

The brain, soft and moist, floats in silence.

Jess peers around the corner locating the clerk. When her back is turned Jess snatches the Hefty bag from a small garbage pail.

She dumps the contents of the bag onto the floor and pours the brain inside. She knots the bag and stuffs it in her purse.

The clerk comes around the corner.

CLERK
Did find your brain?

JESS
Nope. What are you going to do? This is County.

Jess slips past, as the clerk looks down at the garbage at the floor.

INT. CROSS HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings.

CROSS
Hello?

INT. POLICE STATION

Detective Steve Skroce is sitting at his desk.

SKROCE
Yeah, Dr. Cross, this is Detective Steve Skroce. I'm not sure if you remember me.

CROSS
I remember.

SKROCE
Doc, I hope I didn't, you know, the other night at the Morgue, I didn't mean to upset you.

CROSS
Forget about it, Detective. Forget about it.

SKROCE
I just thought that I should say something.

CROSS
Is that why you called, Detective?

SKROCE
No, no. I called because of the APB.

Cross freezes.

SKROCE
I bagged a Jane Doe tonight at a south Loop hotel.

We see on Skroce's desk the APB report with the sketch of Sasha.

SKROCE
I wasn't sure about her. She looks different, short blond hair. But as soon as I got in I checked it out and I remembered that tattoo. That flower-day-liz thing. I don't usually remember shit like that, but I did because I saw your name as a "notify". Funny how we remember weird shit, ain't it?

CROSS
Where is she, Detective?

SKROCE
Where else? The meat locker, Doc.

CROSS
Do you know how she died?

SKROCE
O.D. it looks like. She was a god-damned pin cushion.

CROSS
Thank you, Detective. Thank you.

He hangs up.

INT. MORGUE MEAT LOCKER

A long, low-ceilinged refrigerated storage room, filled with runs of industrial steel shelving.

On almost every shelf is either a black body bag or a corpse; tumescent naked flesh washed in the bluish-green fluorescent light.

Cross moves down the dark rows, searching the silent shadowed forms until he finds the tag.

Jane Doe, still zippered inside her body bag.

His breath steams.

He opens it. His eyes close. His head drops.

It's her. Sasha.

INT. CROSS HOUSE - NIGHT

Close on a note in Jess' hand, "Back Soon, M".

JESS
Damn.

INT. LINDY'S BEDROOM

Jess peeks in. Lindy is asleep.

She pulls the covers up around Lindy's shoulders and Lindy mumbles.

LINDY
'Night Mommy.

Jess stands feeling uncomfortable.

INT. MORGUE AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

Sasha is lying face up on a gurney. Cross has already begun the external examination, checking her fingers, toes, the texture of her skin.

CROSS
Resolving rigor mortis-- Maybe thirty hours since.

He notices blue needle tracks up her arms and on the soles of her feet.

CROSS
Skroce could be right.

Then he notices a lesion circling her wrist.

CROSS
What happened here?

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Jess pulls Maddock's brain from the folds of the black plastic Hefty bag and set it on a cutting board.

JESS
I guess it's just me and you Officer Maddock.

Close as Jess slices with a long, boning knife through the milky cheese of the cerebellum.

She adds a sample of the dissected section to a vial.

She fills a long dropper with alkaloid ribo-cutter and drains it into the vial. Then she pops the vial into the centrifuge and switches it on.

A moment later the machine stops and Jess uses a dropper to collect the white cluster that has formed at the bottom.

Once it is on a slide she slips it under the microscope and turns to the computer, as it begins the analysis program.

JESS
Okay, Seritonin... Seritonin.

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

The dead eyes of Sasha stare up at nothing as Cross runs the scalpel over the top arc of her forehead.

The skin parts, opening softly in the wake of the blade.

Cross is in full autopsy dress.

He puts the scalpel down and we hear the unsettling shucking sound as heel peels back her face and scalp from her skull.

Then he reaches for the bone saw.

The tiled room fills with the whine of the saw. In the glaring incandescent light we see them; her body naked and still, his body bent and taut as he works hunched over her head.

He has nearly finished the autopsy. Sweat covers his brow.

There is a clunk and he shuts off the saw.

The top of the skull is opened and we glimpse Sasha's glistening brain as--

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Jess plunges the hypo into the virus serum and sucks out 10cc's.

The video recorder is on.

JESS
I've lowered the virus serum to 10cc's, half of what Michael took.

She sits on the gurney and rolls up her sleeve.

She ties the rubber hose around her bicep, then stops staring at the needle.

JESS
Don't be so fuckin' scared. What can happen. He doesn't die for another eight days. You'll be fine.

She slaps her open forearm, raising the vein.

JESS
So do it. Stop thinking about it or you'll talk yourself out of it. Do it.

She takes the injection.

Slipping the needle out, she stuffs a wad of cotton against the puncture and folds her arm.

JESS
Okay. I did it.

She takes a deep breath. And waits.

JESS
Patience--

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross is sitting at his bench. The brain is laid out on a cutting board.

Set out before him is a dose of the serum and a hypo.

He picks up the serum, unsure.

CROSS
It's the only way to know.

He rolls up his sleeve.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Jess is lying down on the gurney. She smells something funny.

JESS
What is that? I know that smell--
It's sweet--Donuts.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - DONUT SHOP

Maddock's POV sitting in an orange plastic booth.

Kimble, sitting across from us, stuffs a gooey, chocolate jelly donut into his mouth.

Maddock looks down into the shimmering black of his coffee.

KIMBLE
Hey! Hey!

We look up. Kimble still chewing stares at us like he is pissed.

KIMBLE
Don't go bitch on me.

He leans at us, his face distorting grotesquely the closer it gets.

KIMBLE
Answer me! Are you turning bitch?

CUT BACK

Jess, eyes wide, afraid, answers with Maddock.

JESS
No. I'm fine. Don't worry.

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross pops the rubber hose, opening and closing his hand. He breathes deep.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Jess is staring, looking into her minds eye.

JESS
We've pulled into an alley. It feels weird--

The video recorder hums.

JESS
We don't have the siren on--not even the headlights.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - ALLEY

Maddock's POV through the windshield as the squad car creeps quietly down the unfit alley.

CUT BACK

Jess is tightening. She knows that something is wrong.

JESS
We're out of the car, inside a building. It looks empty, abandoned. I have a flashlight, following Kimble upstairs-- We're waiting--

She blinks as she hears a siren.

JESS
There's a siren-- Oh my God--

INJECTION FLASHBACK - ABANDONED BUILDING

Maddock's POV hiding in one of the upstairs rooms, watching the sweep of somebody's flashlight as they climb the stairs.

CUT BACK

Jess is terrified. She is staring at her hands cradled together as though they were holding something.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - ABANDONED BUILDING

Maddock looks down at his hands holding a gun.

CUT BACK

Jess looks up.

JESS
Oh Jesus-- Jesus-- It's Mary.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - ABANDONED BUILDING

Mary's light arcs through the room, sweeping across the floor, just in front of Maddock's feet.

She sees nothing and leaves.

CUT BACK

There is some relief.

JESS
He didn't kill her. Maddock didn't--
I can't see Charlie anywhere, or--

The name catches in the throat.

JESS
Kimble. It's Kimble.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - ABANDONED BUILDING

Maddock's POV hurried, turning into the other bedroom as Kimble slams Mary to the ground.

She falls, flashlight thrown, spinning helter skelter, the unnatural speed intensifies the violent motion.

As Kimble's voice warps into a roar

KIMBLE
Die bitch!

We see the black metal in his fist, rising--

As Mary tries to get up--

The gun flashes, searing light viscous with white smoke and--

The sound, the booming that seems to knock Mary back down.

CUT BACK

Super close on Jess, unable to breathe as she hears the gun fire twice more, rolling in her ears like thunder, flinching with each shot.

JESS
Jesus Christ-- They killed her--
Jesus-- Why?

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross is sitting at his small station desk near the gurney and sink.

He looks up and catches his reflection in the dark glass of the x-ray light-box.

CROSS
What are you doing?

He looks back over his shoulder at the lifeless body of Sasha.

But she has blonde hair just like Skroce mentioned in his phone call.

He feels suddenly very cold. As though he were lying naked on the steel gurney.

He turns back, looking again into the dark glass. He blinks and his reflection is gone--

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Sasha is in front of a mirror. She is dressed in a sheer black blouse over a red lacy bra.

A man is behind her, feeling her body, her breasts, his face buried against her neck and her beautiful dark hair.

Everything is slow and dreamy.

Sasha smiles. She is trying to ask him a question.

SASHA
Are you sure? You seem very
familiar?

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Filling another needle with less than 5cc's of the viral serum, Jess begins searching through the noodle-coils and cauliflower-like growths on the underside of the human brain.

JESS
Medulla-- Cerebellum-- Pons-- under the lateral ventricle--

She jabs the needle in.

JESS
The Hippocampus Major.

Jess bites onto the end of the rubber hose tying it again around her arm, yanking it tight.

She looks straight into the recording video camera.

JESS
If you were me, Michael, I'm sure you'd do the same thing.

Jess begins to ease the plunger up when, someone pounds on the front door.

JESS
Michael?

She does not finish shooting all of the fluid, carefully pulling the needle out.

She drops it on the gurney, and hurries up the stairs.

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross' eyes are closed. He doesn't want to watch what is about to happen but he cannot stop it.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Hands pull her skirt up over her hips, then begin to tear open her blouse when she realizes that the man is wearing rubber surgeon gloves.

SASHA
Hey, what're those for?

The arms tighten around her.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

Jess is heading to the door. There is something familiar about the walk through the hall to the white door.

The serum begins to kick in and Jess is suddenly disoriented. Maddock's memories seeping into her conscious.

The pounding knock interrupts and Jess stands at the door, throwing the dead bolt.

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross' hand goes to his mouth.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

The man's head lifts, slowly, as he looks into the mirror, smiling, malevolent eyes staring at her. At us.

Charlie Lomas.

CUT BACK

Cross is horrified.

CROSS
Charlie--

INT. CROSS HOUSE

Jess opens the door and standing outside, smiling -

Charlie Lomas.

JESS
Charlie?

LOMAS
Hi Jess. Is Mike home?

She doesn't hear him as the memories fire through her mind like popping flashbulbs.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Maddock's POV, standing to the side of the door to an apartment, gun ready. On the other side is Kimble, who nods to Lomas. Lomas kicks in the door.

Splinters are still spinning in the air as the three rush in screaming, "POLICE - FREEZE!"

CUT BACK

Lomas snaps his fingers.

LOMAS
Hey, Jessie, Jessie. Hello?

She looks at him.

LOMAS
You all right?

JESS
What are you doing here?

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM

Cross shoves open the swinging doors of the autopsy room, rushing into the dressing/prep room.

On the wall there is a bank of telephones.

Before he can pick up the phone, a memory stabs into his mind. He tries to fight it, closing his eyes, but it floods in.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Sasha is fighting for her life. Lomas cracks her across the face, knocking her flying back over the dresser, slamming into the mirror.

CUT BACK

Cross concentrates, reaching for the "out line" phone.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

LOMAS
Is Mike home?

JESS
No. No. He's not home. He's out. The hospital--or--no-- I don't know where he is but I know he doesn't want to see you.

LOMAS
Shit, he told you what happened?

She nods, her mind unable to focus.

LOMAS
Are you sure you're all right?

She tries to smile.

JESS
I'm fine, really.

The smile hangs unnaturally, her eyes glazing over as--

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Maddock has his gun furiously aimed at the head of a young black man who has his hands over his head, facing the wall.

MADDOCK
Turn around! Turn around!

Trembling, he turns, staring at us and the gun, terrified when--

Maddock shoots. The young man's chest explodes--

Thick blebs of blood seem to hang in the air.

CUT BACK

Jess shakes her head clear.

JESS
I'm sorry, did you say something?

LOMAS
I said, can I come in?

JESS
Oh. No. Actually you're right. I'm not feeling well. I think I need to lay down--

The phone rings.

They both hear it. Jess isn't sure what to do.

LOMAS
You know, that's probably Mike.

JESS
Oh-- Yeah--

It continues to ring.

LOMAS
You want me to get it?

JESS
No. I'll get it.

Nervously she turns from him and goes to the phone. He enters, closing the door behind him.

She picks up the phone.

JESS
Hello.

INT. MORGUE

Cross pinches the bridge of his nose, his eyes squeezed tight.

CROSS
Jessie. It's me. I found her Jess. The woman. But-- oh Jesus-- It's-- I think I know who killed Mary--

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
No, I'm sorry, he's not home right now. Can I take a message?

INT. MORGUE

CROSS
What? Jessie, it's me.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
Yes, I'm aware of that, but I can't help you.

INT. MORGUE

CROSS
Jessie what are you--

The room seems to pitch as it hits him.

CROSS
Charlie's there.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
Yes. That's right.

INT. MORGUE

CROSS
You know! Maddock, you injected Maddock, didn't you?

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
Uh-huh.

INT. MORGUE

CROSS
Jessie, I'm on my way.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
Great. Thank you very much. Good-bye.

She hangs up.

Lomas is sitting on the couch comfortably. He is drinking a beer from Cross' fridge.

LOMAS
Who was that?

JESS
Huh? Oh-- AT&T.

LOMAS
At this hour? Jesus those people are relentless.

Jess is gone again.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Maddock steps over the bloody body of another black man.

Lomas and Kimble are celebrating standing in the Formica-wood kitchen beside a table covered with guns drugs and a giant pile of money.

Kimble smiles at us, an ugly twisted smile that slows and stops, frozen.

KIMBLE
We're fuckin' rich.

CUT BACK

Jess snaps out of it. Lomas is prattling on.

LOMAS
Listen, Jessica, I don't know what's going on with you and Mike, but me and him have been friends a long time. We need to talk.

JESS
I don't think that's a good idea.

LOMAS
Christ. People make mistakes. We do crazy shit sometimes. What happened with me and Mary was an accident. One of those things you can't explain.

JESS
You really need to work this out with Michael.

LOMAS
You're absolutely right.

JESS
Why don't you come by in the morning, I'm sure he'll be here.

LOMAS
But I won't. I'm leaving. I'm airborne for points south.

JESS
Charlie, I don't think this is a good time for any of us.

LOMAS
There are some things for which there is never a good time. You just do it. Grab the bull by the fuckin' horns and hold on.

Jess takes hold of the back of a chair, steadying herself as she slips again into Maddock's memory.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Lomas is still smiling when he grabs the UZI from the table.

The gun seems to jump into his hand. It's not there, and then--

He turns to Kimble and fires, smoke and fire, shells spinning through space, blood erupting from Kimble's chest.

CUT BACK

Jess shakes and Lomas sees it.

LOMAS
Jessie, something's wrong. What's going on? You're in another world.

JESS
Yeah-- I guess I am.

LOMAS
Sit down, talk to me. I want to help.

JESS
I can't, Charlie. Really. All I want right now, is to be alone. Can you understand that? If you want to help, please, just leave. Okay?

INT. CROSS CAR

Cross is flying down a main street.

Sweat is pouring off of him. He shakes his head violently as he feels Sasha's memories creeping into his mind. He doesn't want to see anymore but it's too late.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Sasha is bound to a chair, ropes lashing her wrists tightly to each arm rest.

Lomas blows her a kiss as he squirts the air from a disposable hypo filled with heroin.

Her hands strain helplessly as he slides the needle into her exposed forearm.

CUT BACK

Cross is in a haze and the car weaves onto the wrong side of the street--

On-coming cars brake and swerve, rubber screaming, horns blaring as--

Cross rockets between them, cutting back to the other side.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

Lomas leans forward, saying nothing, There is something unsettling about his silence.

LOMAS
Sure. Sure, I understand Jess. There's times I gotta be alone myself. But before I go there's something that I've been wondering and since Mike won't talk to me, I was hoping you could answer it for me.

Jess is afraid of what is coming.

JESS
What is it?

LOMAS
Well, I've been turning this over and over in my mind and what I can't figure is how Mike found out about me and Mary.

JESS
I-- I don't know Charlie. He never told me either.

LOMAS
I see-- Well I got a theory. You want to hear it? Mike's been working a long time on brains and memories and RNA and other shit that I don't know jack about but you, you're a doctor and so I call up Northwestern and I find out you're working on the same shit Mike's working on, so I put two and two together--

JESS
I'm sorry Charlie, you're wrong. My research has nothing to do with Michael's. Frankly most everyone in the field thinks Michael's theories about memory are science fiction.

The word fiction is almost lost as Jess rolls back into Maddock's memory.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Lomas swings the gun towards Maddock, toward us.

Maddock gets off a single shot, hitting Lomas in the hip.

Lomas screams, his face smearing in the memory into something grotesque, something hideous and inhuman.

As the gun barrel now sites straight at us.

CUT BACK

But the shot never comes.

INT. CROSS CAR

He whips around the corner doing 60, his back end fish tailing wildly.

Ahead he sees his house and Lomas' car parked in front.

He races up to the curb, throwing open the car door.

Heroin cob-webs cloud his mind and he falls to the pavement, blacking out.

INJECTION FLASHBACK - HOTEL ROOM

Inky black spots seep and spread across Sasha's vision.

CUT BACK

Cross shakes off the last memory-wave.

CROSS
No.

INT. CROSS HOUSE

JESS
Charlie, I can't think about this right now. Besides the bottom line is, it doesn't matter how Mike found out-- He did. That's the end of it.

Lomas is staring at her trying to read her but can not.

LOMAS
Maybe I should take off.

JESS
I think that's a good idea.

He starts down the hall when the front door opens.

Cross enters.

CROSS
Charlie?

LOMAS
Hey, Mike.

Cross walks quickly down hall past the pictures, narrowing the gap between him and Lomas.

CROSS
What are you doing here, Charlie?

LOMAS
Before I took off, I wanted to talk, Mike.

Lomas glances back at Jess who watches unable to stop what is about to happen.

CROSS
I'm glad you came by, because I have something for you.

LOMAS
What's that, Mike?

Wham.

Cross cracks Lomas with a brutal right, his head snapping to the side.

He follows with another.

Lomas smashes into the wall, pictures shaking and falling.

Jess quickly picks up the phone dialing 911.

JESS
I need the police.

Again and again there is the smack of bone hitting bone, until--

Lomas falls.

JESS
Two-eleven Brown. Please hurry.

Cross shakes his sore hand then reaches for him.

CROSS
Cops always pack.

He flips Lomas over and finds Lomas' gun in his belt at the small of his back.

Lomas rolls over groaning.

Cross levels the gun.

LOMAS
What are you going to do, Mike?

CROSS
What should I do, Charlie? I have a feeling I know what you would do if you were me.

Cross cocks the gun.

JESS
Michael--

LOMAS
Mike, this is crazy--

CROSS
Crazy? I'll show you fucking crazy--

JESS
Michael--don't--

LOMAS
What the hell is this--

CROSS
You killed her! You killed Mary!

LOMAS
What?

JESS
He didn't Mike--

LOMAS
This is bullshit!

CROSS
Shut up, Charlie!

JESS
Kimble killed her.

CROSS
Kimble? Why?

JESS
It was the raid. It was planned from the beginning. They killed Mary because they were afraid that she had turned against them.

CROSS
He was a part of it.

JESS
Yes and when it was over he killed Kimble and Maddock.

LOMAS
Get the fuck off me!

CROSS
I know you killed the woman, Charlie. I watched you pump her full of heroin.

LOMAS
I don't have to listen to this horseshit!

CROSS
You're not going anywhere, Charlie.

He jams the cocked gun against Charlie's temple as he lifts him to his feet.

LOMAS
You can't prove anything.

CROSS
Oh no? I think I can. I think I know why you're here, Charlie. Face the wall!

He pushes Lomas' face with the gun turning him back toward the wall.

CROSS
Get your hands up.

Lomas slowly raises his hands.

LOMAS
Mike, you're pissing me off here.

CROSS
I'm doing a lot worse than that.

He begins searching Lomas' pockets.

CROSS
Let me guess why you came here tonight. You had to be figuring there was only one way that I could know the things I knew. So you came to see for yourself, to find out the truth. What were you going to do, Charlie if you figured right?

He pulls out a plane ticket from his coat pocket.

CROSS
Where are we going, Charlie?

He glances inside the envelope.

CROSS
Costa Rica? Nice.

LOMAS
You're making a big mistake, Mike.

He reaches into Lomas' front pocket and grabs his car keys.

CROSS
You made the mistake.

He throws the keys to Jess.

CROSS
I'm going to guess that all the proof we need is sitting in the trunk of your car.

Lomas is getting upset.

LOMAS
God damn you, Mike!

Jess hurries past them out the door.

LOMAS
No! Fuck no!

Lomas begins to pound his head against the wall.

LOMAS
Mike, I can't let this go! This can't happen!

CROSS
You can't stop it.

Still banging his head he begins a low guttural growl. His fists clench and his hands start to drop.

CROSS
Don't move, Charlie! Don't move!

LOMAS
You ever kill a man, Mike?

CROSS
I'll kill you, Charlie. I swear it!

LOMAS
It's not that easy, Mike.

Lomas turns around.

CROSS
Don't Charlie--

LOMAS
Come on, Mike! Right now! Blow me away, Mike! Blow me away!

They're both screaming, Cross thrusting the gun straight at Charlie's chest.

CROSS
Don't make me do it!

LOMAS
You can't do it!

Lomas starts towards him, his eyes blazing with insanity.

LOMAS
You can't kill me 'cause I'm already dead!

CROSS
Goddamn you, Charlie!

Cross is about to shoot when suddenly Lomas stops.

He looks up and sees Lindy standing at the edge of the room.

LOMAS
Lindy!

CROSS
No!

LOMAS
Come here, Lindy. Come to Uncle Charlie.

On reflex, she runs toward him.

CROSS
Lindy!

Lomas laughs grabbing her, her legs swinging out and around.

LOMAS
Just like her Mommy!

Cross doesn't fire too afraid of hitting Lindy.

CROSS
Put her down!

LOMAS
Come on! Shoot! Shoot, Mike!

He's holding her in front of him, moving her around.

Lindy is scared. She knows there is something wrong.

LINDY
You're hurting me.

CROSS
Charlie, for God's sake. It's Lindy.

LOMAS
I know, Mike. I know.

Holding her with one arm he grabs his beer bottle and smashes it.

Lindy screams.

CROSS
Charlie, no! Let her go!

LOMAS
Put the gun down, Mike.

He holds the jagged broken bottle to her throat.

LOMAS
I'll do it. You know I will.

CROSS
Not Lindy!

LOMAS
Look-- Look at your daughter! Do you love her?

Cross is panicking, he is terrified.

LOMAS
Do you?

CROSS
Please--

Lindy starts to cry.

LOMAS
I got nothing to lose, but you-- You got her. So if you love her, drop the fucking gun right now!

He does.

LOMAS
Good man.

LINDY
Daddy!

CROSS
It's okay, honey. It's okay.

Lomas smiles.

LOMAS
Kick the gun over here.

CROSS
The police are going to be here any second, Charlie.

LOMAS
Kick the gun over here, Mike.

Cross kicks the gun which skitters across the oak floor.

Lomas laughs dropping Lindy and picking up the gun.

LINDY
Daddy!

Lindy bolts into her Father's arms. He holds her tight, trying to comfort her.

CROSS
Everything's going to be all right, baby. It's okay now.

LOMAS
Don't you start lying, Mike.

The front door opens, and Jess enters carrying a large suitcase

JESS
Michael, you were--

She sees Lindy in her father's arms and Lomas with the gun and realizes what happened.

JESS
Oh shit.

LOMAS
Put that suitcase down right now or you're dead.

He levels the gun at her. For a beat they stand in silence.

Jess holding the suitcase--

Cross holding Lindy--

Lomas holding the gun.

And in the silence we hear a police siren, racing toward us.

LOMAS
Fuck! Drop that case, now!

She does.

The sound of the car reaches the front of the house.

LOMAS
Get over here!

Jess moves to Cross and Lindy against the wall. Cross puts an arm around her.

Lomas looks out the window and sees two police officers get out of the squad car.

LOMAS
Shit. Oh well.

CROSS
Take the money, Charlie. The back door--

LOMAS
If you don't shut your hole, Mike, I'm going to give you a new one.

The cops knock on the front door.

LOMAS
Nobody says nothing! Understand?

Lomas opens the door.

LOMAS
Hi, guys.

OFFICER JONES
Charlie?

OFFICER DITKA
What are you doing here?

LOMAS
Just dropped by to say good bye to Mike and Lindy. Jessie thought I was a prowler.

The cops look in.

Cross, Jess and Lindy stand strangely silent across the room.

Lomas holds the gun, hiding it behind the door.

OFFICER JONES
Hey Mike.

OFFICER DITKA
Oh yeah, Doctor Riley. She was at your party.

LOMAS
Yeah. Her and Mike make a nice couple don't they?

OFFICER JONES
Everything all righ , Doctor Riley?

Cross turns and looks at her. She is not sure what to say. She looks at Cross who turns back to Lomas.

Everyone is waiting.

CROSS
No. Everything is not all right.

LOMAS
Why don't you guys come on inside?

They enter.

OFFICER JONES
Sure, Charlie.

OFFICER DITKA
What's wrong, Mike?

CROSS
He's got a gun. Look out!

Ditka and Jones see Charlie's gun. He holds it out casually.

They both laugh. They don't understand they are about to die.

OFFICER JONES
What's going on? I don't get it?

LOMAS
I'm really sorry guys.

He fires. Brains. Blood. Jones is dead.

Ditka fights to free his gun.

OFFICER DITKA
Holy shit!

Everything slowing, awfully, a moment exaggerated, distending in our minds and memory.

Cross hugs Lindy, covering her so she can not watch--

As Lomas opens fire, pumping wads of hot lead into Ditka's chest.

Thick blebs of blood seem to hang in the air.

Ditka falls.

The gun echo fades.

Lomas looks at the family staring at him.

Cross looks at the dead cops. He can't believe it.

CROSS
Goddamnit Charlie, what have you done?

LOMAS
Not me Mike. You and this bitch. You shouldn't have called the cops. You did it! Not me!

CROSS
You're insane Charlie.

LOMAS
You made me do it! I had no choice, I had to!

CROSS
Why? Goddamnit, why, Charlie?

JESS
For money.

CROSS
Money?! Just money?

LOMAS
Not "just money," you fuckin' stupid asshole, A fuckin' million dollars. A million fuckin' dollars ain't money! It's life! A fuckin life with a fuckin' future!

CROSS
They'll get you, Charlie. Look at this place. You're all over it. It's over.

LOMAS
It's over all right. For you.

He points the gun at him.

CROSS
My God, I've known you for fifteen years. You were there when Lindy was baptized.

LOMAS
If there's one thing I learned working as a fucking nothing cop, it's that life ain't worth a shit. My life ain't worth shit, your life ain't worth shit! People kill for a pair of fuckin' gym shoes! That's where I come from, you understand?

He is very animated waving his arms, the suitcase over his head.

LOMAS
How do you deal with that? Everyday they tell you, forget about it. Don't think about it. Well, I got real, real good at that. I don't even remember killing Kimble and Maddock. A year from now, I won't remember doing you either.

He stops and Lindy begins to cry.

LOMAS
Shut her up, Mike. I'm thinking.

Cross holds her, and she puts her arms around him.

LINDY
I'm afraid.

CROSS
It's okay. It's okay.

LOMAS
All right. Lets go. Into the basement, everyone.

He waves the gun.

LOMAS
Move!

Cross, carrying Lindy, follows Jess to the door of the basement.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Jess is the first one down the stairs.

As the others enter behind her, she sees the hypo that she dropped on the gurney.

She grabs it.

Lomas shoves Cross down the last step.

LOMAS
Get over there in the corner.

They huddle together.

LOMAS
So this is it, eh? Dr. Frankenstein's lab.

Lomas spots a large 5 gallon metal tin of solvents.

LOMAS
Perfect.

CROSS
What are you going to do?

He sets the suitcase down on the gurney.

LOMAS
Fire, Mike. Fire always messes up a crime scene. It'll give me a couple days which is all I need.

He begins dousing everything with the highly flammable solvents: newspapers, journals, magazines, the stacks of computer print out.

Cross' entire life's work.

CROSS
Charlie-- Please--

LOMAS
I know, Mike. It's your life's work ain't it? Kinda crazy how this all worked out, eh? You kept on and kept on about Mary, wouldn't let it go, wouldn't forget about it, and what did it get you? Your life going up in flames.

He laughs, finishes emptying the can and tosses it.

LOMAS
I think I'm actually going to enjoy this. Seeing as how you fucked my life up. Now you can watch me fuck up yours.

Lomas notices the human brain on the cutting board.

LOMAS
Hey, is this Mary?

Jess steps out, the hypo in hidden in her hand.

JESS
No. It's Maddock.

LOMAS
Maddock? Maddock, how you doin'?
You fuckin' snitch!

He slams his fist into the brain, splintering it. He laughs, yelling at it.

LOMAS
How'd that feel you son of a bitch?
You want another?

He slams it again, pancaking much of the soft wet organ.

He's still laughing when Jess attacks.

Screaming, she lunges, jamming the needle in his neck.

The gun fires, missing. He howls, punching her, knocking her down.

Cross sets Lindy down--

CROSS
Run, Lindy.

As Lomas yanks the now empty vial out of his neck--

Cross throws himself at Lomas.

Both men falling backwards, slamming onto the desk and the computer--

Which shatters, DNA images flashing and disappearing in a shower of sparks.

Flames leap to life, rushing spreading everywhere--

As Jess gets to her feet and grabs the bone saw.

Lomas breaks free of Cross' hold and pummels him to the ground.

When Jess drives the whirring blade into the back of Lomas' neck.

There is a sickening sound, a fount of blood arcing as Lomas screams--

He whips around knocking her violently flying backwards over the gurney--

The suitcase falls to the ground and explodes open, crumpled hundreds bursting into flames like dry leaves--

LOMAS
My money! You're dead!

Before Cross can get up, Charlie recovers, turning, leveling the gun--

Flames rise up behind as Lomas stares at Cross still on his knees.

Lomas eyes are wide, maniacal, ready to kill -

But something is wrong.

He blinks, an image he can't get away from--

INJECTION FLASHBACK - GHETTO APARTMENT

Maddock's POV, we see Lomas staring, screaming at us, his face twisted with violence,

A grimace that seems like a grinning skull--

As his gun spits,

White smoke and a bright gun flash--

As Lomas watches himself kill himself--

CUT BACK

Lomas jerks back as though he were shot.

He staggers, looks down at his chest. Nothing happened. He's still alive.

But Cross is on his feet, grabbing the brain slicing knife

And when Lomas looks up, it's over.

Cross rams the knife deep into his chest, driving it through to the handle.

Lomas stumbles back. The gun falls from his hand. He can't believe it.

LOMAS
Jesus Mike-- You got me.

He looks at Cross.

LOMAS
Okay--I understand-- You had to.

Blood coughs out of his mouth and runs down his chin. He crumbles into a lifeless heap.

JESS
Come on Michael!

She grabs his hand, yanking him toward the stairs.

INT. HALL

Smoke coughs from the basement stairs, as Jess and Cross charge up. The walls down the stairs glow an angry orange as the fires hit more chemicals and begin to spread.

Cross sees the front door is still shut.

CROSS
Where's Lindy? Lindy!

From upstairs we can barely make out her cry.

LINDY
Daddy!

Cross pushes Jess to the door as he flies up the stairs, two steps at a time.

JESS
Michael.

INT. LINDY'S ROOM

Cross leaps into the room and finds Lindy on her bed, her Wonder Woman sheets gathered around her.

CROSS
Lindy!

LINDY
Daddy! I'm not afraid!

He picks her up, running out.

CROSS
Come on baby.

INT. HALL

Flames have already spread through the house.

They rush together down the hall where the photographs are already curling, melting, warping from the fire.

We watch as a photo of Mary, Lomas, and Cross is eaten by black spreading holes and licking flame.

DISSOLVE TO

Bloody red fire truck lights.

EXT. CROSS HOUSE

It's over.

Police and Firemen are everywhere.

The fire is out.

Wrapped in a blanket, Cross holds tightly to Lindy and Jess.

Detective Skroce tears open a Pay Day and offers it.

SKROCE
How you all doing? You hungry? Can I get you anything?

They are exhausted, covered with soot.

CROSS
No, thank you, we're fine.

SKROCE
I understand what you're going through. Christ, things like this make you wonder what the hell the Good Lord's doing up there.

A young cop comes up behind Skroce and awkwardly mumbles something to him.

SKROCE
Okay. I'll be back folks.

He turns and follows the cop.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

We are looking up at the sky moving over us.

We can see the flashing red and blue police lights, washing through the trees.

We are looking through the POV of the dead Lomas, laid out on a stretcher moving towards an ambulance.

The stretcher comes to a stop.

Skroce leans over us, staring down.

SKROCE
Goddamn, that's him.

He leans close.

SKROCE
What the hell happened to you Charlie? What happened?

He shakes his head, unable to understand.

He stands and turns to the paramedic.

SKROCE
Zip him up.

The paramedic folds the plastic darkness over us, blacking out the sky,

The zipper closes around us.

ROLL CREDITS